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VOL. XXXVIII. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1901. NO. 47

Official Directory.

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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Work first story degree first meeting of each month; second degree on second; third degree on fourth meetings.
JOHN NELSON, N. G.
W. G. [illegible], Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 273 meets on first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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G. A. R.—McKean Post No. 347, meets First and Third Thursday evening, of each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall.
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K. O. T. M.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets second, fourth and last Tuesday evenings of each month in Wells Hall.
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K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Thursday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 43, meets at Wells Hall, Thursday afternoon.
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C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 38, meets second and fourth Tuesdays of each month at W. O. T. M. Hall, Barcus block, at 7:30 p. m.
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Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows Hall. MRS. A. M. OAKDMAN, W. M.
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St. Luke's—J. HEBER McCANDLESS, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—REV. J. HEBER McCANDLESS, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 1:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—Rev. P. Cosgrove, pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 [illegible] Sunday school at 3 p. m. Services on [illegible] Sunday

Swedish Evangelical Lutheran—P. E. NORDGREN, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening services at 7:45. Sunday school every Sunday at 10 o'clock a. m. Services every alternate Tuesday at 8

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March 1, 1900.

THE STRANGER AND THE PRINCESS

BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS

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He spent the remainder of the day haunting the parts of Paris where he hoped to see the manly face of the prince or the lovely one of Princess



"Advance toward me an inch and I will kill you!" said Buckford.

Marie. He rode in cabs on the boulevards. He looked into carriages. He spent hours in a fruitless and ridiculous search. He did not find those he sought.

He returned to the Rue de Mont Rouge. He entered the inn of M. Jacques. He found his unknown friend—the wolflike owner of the room in the cafe. This man greeted Buckford warmly.

"Ah, ha, my friend! You are not weary of us yet. I am glad."

"I always keep my promises, monsieur," replied Buckford.

He ate supper with his mysterious friend. He of the wolf's face was very sociable. He strove to make Wallace feel at ease.

"We will smoke," he said. "At 9 you will meet our brothers and learn what is expected of you."

The evening passed.

"Come," said the unknown. "We will be in time."

They left the inn of M. Jacques and walked together into a still more disreputable quarter.

"It sometimes happens that when we meet for a sociable time the police interrupt us. We are then forced our selves at times. Are you armed?"

"I never carry firearms," said Buckford, with the prefect's pistol hitting his side.

They turned into what purported to be a hairdresser's shop. A grinning artist of the shears bowed them in and past him. They entered then a large room where several men were gathered.

"Ah! You have arrived," said one. "M. le President wishes to see you."

"Indeed," replied Buckford's guide. "I will take my friend to meet M. le President."

Unsuspectingly Buckford followed him. He was led through a corridor and into a small room where two men stood waiting.

"Ah! Now we have him!" cried one. "Kill the hound!"

"What's this?" demanded Buckford in alarm. "Foul play!"

The three closed in upon him.

"You lying hound!" now cried his guide in a frenzy. "You betrayed us to the police! Did you think we accept novices without trying them well? You came here, learned part of the truth and visited the prefecture. You have not only failed to save those you wished to save, but you have again come into our hands, this time an enemy. We will not kill you at once, for that would simply carry out your own design. Torture, hunger, misery all shall be yours! And while you starve and moan and cry for water to quench your burning thirst, the tyrant you sought to save will die by our hands."

"Advance toward me an inch and I will kill you!" said Buckford, drawing his revolver. They stepped back in sudden alarm.

"A police pistol! Proof of treachery!"

The man with the wolfish face made a sudden leap forward. Buckford, in no humor to show patience, fired point blank, and the fellow dropped. The noise of the pistol brought a score of others.

"The traitor! The traitor! He has shot our secretary!" was the cry.

A dozen pistols were leveled at Wallace. He backed up against a door that seemed to be locked and stood at bay. Even if he killed a man at every shot he knew he must soon exhaust his pistol and then fall an easy victim to their hate. They made a rush at him. He fired again, killing the foremost. He stepped back suddenly, the door behind him gave way and he fell through it. There came a rush of cooler air, and he felt himself falling through darkness. There was a crash, and he lay still on an earthen floor.

CHAPTER III.

THE MURDERED MILLIONAIRE.

THE exit of Buckford Wallace from that den of thieves and cutthroats was so sudden and of so startling a nature that it might well be supposed that he had fallen upon one of those relics of the dark ages, a house of mysterious architecture, in which the very walls revolve on pivots, trapdoors open where no cracks can be seen and stone pillars hide secret passages from one den of iniquity to another.

But, however plausible that theory may be, it was not the case. The explanation of the accident to Buckford is a very simple one.

It happened that a very rich and equally eccentric person named M. de Bullion had purchased a large piece of ground in that quarter on which he intended to build large modern apartment houses. This piece of ground fronted on three streets and adjoined on the Rue de Mont Rouge the building in which the brotherhood of crime held its meetings. In making a new and complete survey it was discovered that a portion of that building really stood on land owned by the person from whom M. de Bullion was making his purchase. It therefore must be included in the sale. The proper steps were taken, and M. de Bullion became the owner of about 13 feet of the eastern end of the building.

When all the old buildings on the newly purchased site were torn down to make way for the splendid modern edifices, the 13 feet were torn down also.

This cut off two rooms of that building, and the door that had formerly opened into one of these rooms now opened out through a naked wall of dirty plaster over the cellar.

This was the door through which Buckford had fallen. It was built to open outward. When Buckford leaned against it, it had given way and precipitated him into the old cellar.

Most unfortunately, as will be seen, he struck upon some window sashes which had been placed there for safe keeping. These were smashed utterly by his weight, and pieces of the broken glass cut his hands and face.

For a moment the young man was so bewildered that he did not know really what had happened to him. He fancied that he was in a place much like that pictured in the opening lines of this chapter. He was in total darkness. There was a damp earthy smell in the air. A pat-ran across him.

Either the sashes broke his fall or he was possessed of a very hard skull, for he did not lose consciousness. He sat up in the darkness and tried to look around. He could not do this, so he felt.

His fingers came in contact with the sharp edges of broken glass.

At that moment he heard a voice above his head.

"Curses on the hound!" the voice was saying. "Where could he have gone? He has wounded Vandal and killed Bonet. Get a lantern, somebody. Don't let him get away."

This remark stirred the blood in Buckford. It brought to his mind the fact that that was just what he wanted to do—to get away before they discovered him.

He rose to his feet and stretched his arms above his head. After walking a short distance he felt beams and girders.

"Hello!" he said to himself. "I must have fallen somehow into a cellar."

Then he saw the gleam of a lantern shining from a door in a wall some distance above.

"Ah, ha! They have explained the thing to me now," he said, with a chuckle. "Mighty lucky accident for me."

"Come, now, Pierre," came the voice from the door. "You take the lantern and lead a party through the cellars. I will lead another to the right, around the square. Rober, here, will lead another to the left. We will meet on the street in the rear. He cannot get away."

Buckford did not wait to hear any more. He gathered from what had been said that the cellar he was in communicated with the street in the rear. Taking his direction from the door, where the light could still be seen, he started as briskly as possible toward the rear.

He clambered over debris of all kinds. Cellar walls had been partially destroyed, and loose stones lay all about. Old foundations and party walls were wiped out, yet enough old or new walls were standing to enable him to constantly keep a screen between himself and the lantern. This had now been lowered into the cell. He heard voices behind him.

The searching party, however, made slower progress than he did, notwithstanding they had a lantern. They were speaking out and searching every nook and cranny of the cellars as they went. He, on the other hand, was making all speed straight ahead.

He soon found himself in a part where there was less debris and ruin and more of the newly built walls. It was the cellar under the building on the rear street.

He saw a red lantern hanging on a pole outside to warn drivers of the trench before the house. He made for this.

Sitting on a pile of lumber outside was a man wearing a leather jacket and slouch hat. He carried a stout club in his hand. It was the watchman.

The watchman, seeing Buckford emerging from the cellar he was supposed to be guardian over, rushed to him.

"Well, well! Who are you? What do you want?"

"Hush, my friend!" whispered Buckford quickly. "I am pursued by rascals. Is there a police officer near?"

"No; they passed ten minutes ago."

"I must escape. Can you not help me?"

"Help! Mon Dieu! What can I do?"

At that moment there was a shout up the street, and Buckford saw lanterns. The party under Rober or the other had turned the corner.

"Too late!" groaned Buckford. "Stay! There is one chance. Here is a 5 franc piece. Lend me your hat, jacket and club. I will watch your buildings while you go drink my health."

"Be d—able! I may get into trouble. But a 5 franc piece! Here! Give it to me! Quick! Get into the jacket! The hat! Pull it down over your eyes. Speak as little as possible. Ah!"

A stolid watchman sat on the lumber pile and a bareheaded Frenchman was starting off to drink on the 5 franc piece.

"Ho! My keys!" he exclaimed. "I must take my keys."

"Leave them. They will be safe. If any one suspects, the keys will prove that I am the watchman."

"Good! But do not use the large brass one. It is to the door in the end building. There M. de Bullion has his office. He is there now. He must not know."

[illegible]

"Here, M. le Night Sleep?" said one [illegible]

"Mon Dieu! [illegible]

[illegible]

"Bon," said another [illegible]

[illegible] his face searched from the light lest a show of blood should betray him.

"Well, are we to stand here till the police will be here? And then what, eh?"

"Very well," said a man owning the voice Buckford had heard at the cellar. "Have some one watch here to watch. We will continue."

"Have you any objection, stay awake for company?"

"None. I shall be pleased," replied Buckford.

Four men were told off to remain there on watch. The others separated into groups and went in various directions.

Buckford was in an agony of apprehension. If the real watchman returned while these fellows were there what might not happen, and especially if the watchman was drunk?

The American thought over every possible method of defeating his foes that came into his head. Nothing promised success. If the police came that way, he would certainly call for assistance, but to call for the police when there was no police in sight would be folly. He would simply be pounced upon and slain before the police could arrive.

An hour passed while he was almost wild with apprehension, and then a drunken whistle was heard coming.

"Here comes some one. We must question him," said one of the watchers.

Buckford looked toward the approaching man. As he passed under a street light Wallace noted that he wore no hat.

Horrors! It was the watchman, and he was far from sober.

And now, with certain destruction staring him in the face, Buckford Wallace thought as he had never thought before.

To wait there till the drunken watchman came and demanded back his jacket, his slouch hat, would be to certainly bring death.

He [illegible] himself, got up and [illegible]

"[illegible], I should like to be [illegible] [illegible] M. de Bullion [illegible] the place [illegible] [illegible] allow no one to enter the building."

"Oh, never fear! We'll stay awake. We will take care of your buildings. You are so anxious you must have a fortune invested. I have!"

They all laughed at this joke, and Buckford walked away in the opposite direction from that in which the real watchman was.

"Good!" he said to himself. "My only chance is M. de Bullion, and fortunately I am before the door. I will waken the millionaire and tell him the whole story. He will give me powerful protection until I can communicate with the police."

He turned into the corner building. He ran up one flight of stairs. He knocked loudly on a door.

There was no answer.

"This M. de Bullion is a sound sleeper," he said. "I will get him up if I have to pound in the door."

It was not necessary to pound in the door, but he did make a great deal of noise.

"Heavens. The noise will bring them even if M. de Bullion does not," said Buckford. "Stop! This won't do. I'll use the key and take my explanations afterward."

It was easy to find the big brass key and fit it to the lock. It turned easily, and Buckford opened the door. He turned again, shut the door and locked it.

For the first time since he had faced his enemies in the little room he breathed freely.

"There," he said, with a grunt of satisfaction, "I am safe for a time. They will scarcely dare to break up on the privacy of M. de Bullion."

Having secured himself thus, he took a match from his pocket and lighted it. The gas had not yet been piped into the buildings. He found, however, a dingy looking lamp resting on a dusty shelf. He lighted this.

"I fancy," he said, "that the watchman was mistaken. There is surely no one in this apartment tonight. I have made noise enough to wake the dead."

He looked around the room. It was, or would be when finished, a cozy and pretty reception room. It was now littered with bits of wood, plaster and nails.

He stepped from this room into the next. No one there.

In this room there was a chair, but it had been overturned.

In one corner a small ornamental closet had been built. This was open. Workmen's clothing had been in it. Now this was strewn on the floor.

"Hello," said Buckford when he saw this. "Looks as if some one had got the best of the watchman and rifled the pockets for a sou."

From this room Buckford stepped into still another.

He stopped short on the threshold, and a cry of horror burst from his lips, which had turned white.

This room was fitted up as an office. Near the window stood a desk. At this desk sat a well dressed elderly man, dead.

His drawn face, his staring eyes, expressing terror; the position of his body—all spoke of violence.

Buckford stepped to him and made a hasty examination.

There was a wound in his left side penetrating undoubtedly to the heart. It was the only wound to be seen. Scarcely any blood had flown. The knife with which the foul blow had been dealt lay on the floor by the dead man's chair.

"My God!" exclaimed Buckford, "I go from one horror to another. I seek safety with a man and find him a corpse. What under the sun of heaven am I going to do now?"

Meantime the four who had been left to watch had waited for the drunken watchman to come up.

"Well," said one of them as he drew near. "This fellow can give us a little help. He has been having a fine time. See how he takes the whole sidewalk?"

"Come, B[illegible]!" said another, stepping out to intercept the watchman. "Which way have you come? Did you see anybody running away?"

"[illegible]" stammered the watchman. "You [illegible] young man! Who are you, my friend?"

"I'll show you who I am if you don't answer."

The watchman was not so drunk but what his senses were alert with sudden suspicion.

"Who are you, and what do you want here?" he asked. "Where is that man I left in my place?"

"Ho! What! Left in your place! The man you left in your place! What do you mean?"

"Police!" yelled the drunken watchman. "Police! I have been robbed!"

"What kind of fool is this?" angrily asked one of the four. "Come, idiot. We are not going to rob you!"

"No, but my keys! Where is that fellow, your fellow robber, I believe?"

"Hold on! Don't shake the life out of [illegible]. [illegible] one of the [illegible]. [illegible] fellow [illegible] [illegible] jacket [illegible] [illegible]! [illegible] [illegible] the light [illegible]"

[illegible]

"What! Well [illegible]. [illegible] I [illegible] [illegible] You [illegible] [illegible]. He [illegible] is a [illegible]"

"[illegible] This is how [illegible] [illegible] said that [illegible] and went [illegible] for him. You must [illegible]"

"[illegible] I am [illegible] A fellow came from the cellar and said he was pursued by a mob. He gave me 5 francs to drink his health, and I loaned him my leather jacket and slouch hat. And now, please, where is that fellow? For my 5 francs are gone and I want my leather jacket and slouch hat."

"Curse you, your leather jacket and slouch hat!" roared the leader of the four. "Here we sat an hour with the man we wanted within arm's length of us. Oh, I've a mind to kill you in his stead."

"Rather," said the cooler speaker, "let us hurry to join our comrades. It cannot be difficult to trace a leather jacket and slouch hat tonight."

They hurried away, leaving the watchman much relieved.

But now he was in a terrible stew.

Not only had he lost his leather jacket and his hat, but his keys were gone. There was no doubt in his now half sobered mind that the rascal had paid him 5 francs for no other purpose than to obtain his keys and go through the buildings under his care.

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! M. de Bullion!" he groaned.

With all sorts of horrors coming up before his mind, the watchman started on a run to intercept a policeman. He cried out as he ran and at a nearby corner almost stumbled into the arms of a sleepy guardian of the peace who was almost ready to club the watchman for disturbing his calm and happy meditations.

"Oh, come with me!" wailed the forlorn watchman. "A thief has robbed me of my leather jacket, my slouch hat and my bunch of keys!"

"Well, that is a loss indeed!" growled the officer. "Did this successful thief take a shoe lace as well, or perhaps a buckle from your waistcoat?"

"Oh, indeed this is no jesting matter!" groaned the poor despoiled watchman. "He is a rascal, and with the keys can go through all the new houses of M. de Bullion. Even M. de Bullion himself is in danger, for he sleeps in his office tonight with money to pay his workmen tomorrow."

The police officer was no longer asleep, nor did he feel like joking. He sprang at once into alertness and agility. He blew a whistle and then started on a run for the new buildings, with the watchman puffing in agony at his heels.

"First to the rooms of M. de Bullion!" said the officer.

"Here, here!" groaned the watchman. "Up these stairs!"

A horse's hoofs were heard. A mounted officer had heard the whistle and galloped to the scene.

The three excited men swarmed up the stairs.

"This door, this door!" said the watchman.

They tried the door. It was locked.

"M. de Bullion, M. de Bullion!" shouted the horse gendarme. "Open this door."

There was no answer.

"Mon Dieu! He is already murdered!" wailed the watchman.

The two officers and the watchman put their shoulders to the door and with a mighty push burst it open.

The dingy lamp stood again on the shelf. It was not needed this time. A police bull's-eye sent a gleam of light into the farthest corners.

"Here! In here!" cried the frenzied watchman.

They followed him into the office of M. de Bullion. They heard him scream. They saw what he had discovered—M. de Bullion dead in his chair.

"Oh! Ha!" shouted the policeman who had been first met by the wretched man. "Hark here! This door just moved!"

The two sprang toward a closet door. They tore it open. They dragged forth into the light of their police lamps a young man in a leather jacket and slouch hat, with blood stains on his face and hands.

"Do murderer!" they shouted. "And caught almost in the very act! Come, M. le Cutthroat. You are wanted at the headquarters of the police!"

CHAPTER IV.

BUCKFORD WALLACE ACCUSED OF THE CRIME.

TO Buckford Wallace, who had expected to see a mob of his enemies and to whom the sight of two uniformed police officers was most welcome, the words of the gendarme carried no special significance. He saw at once the mistake that had been made. Instead of the agent of the prefect of police he was looked upon as the murderer of M. de Bullion. He even smiled as he thought of the naturalness of the error.

"You are mistaken," he said, coming forward from his hiding place without fear. "I have done nothing to cause my arrest. I came in here to escape a mob of rascals who were trying to murder me. I found this man sitting dead in his chair."

"Oh, that is a lie!" shouted the excited watchman. "He came to me with a story like that. I, like a fool, loaned him my leather jacket, my slouch hat, [illegible]. I even told him which door the brass key unlocked. Oh, oh!"

"I think myself the story is absurd," said the mounted officer. "One does not unlock private doors with stolen keys to escape murderers. One comes to the police for protection."

"In my opinion," said the watchman, "the man he was running away from wanted him for another crime like this."

"Well, it will do no good to stand here and argue," said the officer on the beat. "We must take the fellow to the depot. Let him tell his story there."

"If you feel it to be your duty to place me under arrest," said Buckford, "and I do not blame you in the least, take me at once to the prefecture. My adventures tonight happened while acting under instructions from the prefect of police. He can understand the whole thing."

"Oh, if that's the case, it can soon be settled," said the officer. "Come with me."

"And I," said the other policeman, "will remain until the arrival of the commissaire. You will of course make the report."

"I will attend to that. Now come, my fine fellow, to the prefect. I am anxious to see whether you tell the truth or not."

"But stay!" cried the watchman. "My leather jacket and my slouch hat."

"Well, what about them?"

"I want them."

"Oh, indeed! Well, what are you, an accomplice of this fellow?"

"The good God forbid! But I want what belongs to me."

"You will get them—after we are through using them. A pretty watchman you are! You are as guilty of M. de Bullion's death as his murderer. Your neglect made it possible."

The watchman and one officer remained on the scene while Buckford, in the custody of the other officer, left for the prefecture.

It was nearly midnight when they arrived, and the prefect was not to be seen till morning. The officer made his report, and the prisoner, against his vigorous protest, was thrust into a cell to wait till morning.

He spent a most wretched night and as the weary hours dragged themselves along the humor of his situation died away. He now felt that he was in a most difficult situation. A thousand questions crowded into his busy brain. Suppose the prefect did not recall his face! Suppose the prefect did not believe his story! All depended on the prefect.

In the morning he was taken into the office of the prefect. He found there, beside the prefect of police, the chief of the detective service and a commissaire. The three looked at him with cold, condemning eyes as he entered.



Buckford stepped to him and made a hasty examination.

He also saw, standing a little apart, the policeman who had arrested him the night before.

"Is this the man?" asked the prefect of police.

"That is the man," replied the policeman.

"Relate the circumstances of his arrest and explain why he was held to see me personally instead of being sent to the depot of detention."

"I was patrolling my regular post when I was accosted by a very excited man," said the policeman. "He was, it seemed, a watchman employed by M. de Bullion, who was building the large apartment houses in that district. He told me that a man had taken his leather jacket and hat and keys; that he had gone away with them; that he was now undoubtedly trying to rob the houses to which the keys belonged. I will explain that some of these houses are already erected, while of the others only the foundations are up. I whistled for assistance and accompanied the watchman to the office of M. de Bullion. It seems that this M. de Bullion is a peculiar man, who"—

"Never mind that. It will all be told at the investigation. What we want now are the facts concerning this man."

"Well, we found M. de Bullion dead in his chair at his desk. This fellow was hiding in a closet. I arrested him. He said he had not killed M. de Bullion, but had gone into the place to escape some enemies of his own who had tried to kill him. He also stated that he had been acting under direct orders from you, M. le Prefect."

The chief of the detectives and the commissaire looked at the prefect with interrogative eyes. The prefect looked sternly and scrutinizingly at Buckford.

"What orders have I ever given you?" he asked.

"Why, don't you remember me? I was here yesterday morning and told you about the conspiracy against the prince who is in Paris incognito."

"Are you that fellow? Well, I must say you have changed in appearance. But, after all, perhaps if you took off that leather jacket and washed your face I could recognize you."

"I would be glad of the chance," replied Wallace.

"I will give you orders to that effect. Now tell us how you came to be in the office of M. de Bullion."

"Why, I went back to M. Jacques' inn last night, as you instructed me. The conspirators had tracked me, it seems, and knew that I had betrayed them to you. They did not, however, let me see this at first. I was invited to meet the president of the order. I was taken to a room back of a hairdresser's in another square. Here three of the scoundrels attacked me, and I shot two of them. In defending myself I leaned against a door. It opened, and I was precipitated into a cellar. From



The three looked at him with cold, condemning eyes.

this I made my way to the rear street. I heard searching parties after me. I saw the watchman sitting near the new buildings. I gave him 5 francs for the use of this jacket and hat. He took the money and was about to go when he returned to get the keys. I kept them to complete the illusion that I was the real watchman. He told me the big brass key was to the door of M. de Bullion's floor and that M. de Bullion did not like to be disturbed. I had no idea then of disturbing M. de Bullion, but the rascals who wanted my life still hung about, and while four of them were there I saw the watchman returning drunk. I knew he would betray me and hurried away. I thought of M. de Bullion. I resolved to wake him and ask his protection. I knocked on his door, but received no answer. I opened the door with the brass key and found M. de Bullion dead. Then the police came, and I was arrested."

"Remarkable! A remarkable combination of circumstances!" exclaimed the prefect. "Do you not think so, messieurs?"

"I could reply better if I understood this peculiar commission you gave him," said the chief of detectives. "What was it?"

The professional jealousy of the chief was aroused. He smelled a rat. It was clear that the prefect had attempted to carry on an important case that should properly come under his hand.

"I simply did that to satisfy the man," said the prefect. "He came to me, as he says, with a strange story of a plot against a certain prince now visiting in Paris. I did not believe the yarn, because the prince is neither French nor Russian and could not have so many enemies in Paris. However, I allowed him to continue the investigation, and he was to report to me. This ending of the affair was entirely unexpected."

"To you and to him also, I imagine," said the commissaire dryly.

"The question is," said the chief of detectives, "if he did not murder M. de Bullion, who did murder him? It was done for robbery, no doubt."

"Certainly, for robbery. Commissaire Perraud of that district is making the examination of the premises. I expect him in at any moment."

"I must go there myself," said the chief of detectives. "I have already sent two men, but this case seems destined to become celebrated. It involves the liberty of an American. I will take charge of it myself."

"Is there anything further to be done with this man? What do you think of his story?"

"Well, you yourself corroborate a portion of it. But he should certainly be held pending the investigation. And, as in all other cases, it would be wise to examine his person now."

Buckford was ordered to take off the leather jacket. This revealed his own neat fitting coat, slightly wrinkled from the jacket.

"I will see what he has in his pockets," said the chief of detectives.

A few letters were brought to light and turned over to the prefect. His watch and chain were scrutinized. They were not particularly valuable. A pocketknife, a small bunch of keys, a handkerchief, a fountain pen and some loose change followed.

"Well, you don't carry all your money in one pocket, then," said the detective as he brought out the pocketbook that the conspirator had given Buckford the previous day.

"That pocketbook was given to me by the man I met at M. Jacques'."

The detective said nothing, but took the pocketbook to a table and turned out its contents.

"Here is a pretty sum of money—115 francs," he said. "And here are some more papers—what—what is this? Ha, messieurs, we have the murderer of M. de Bullion!"

The commissaire and the prefect sprang to their feet.

"See this!" exclaimed the chief of detectives, handing them two folded papers. They opened them. They were receipted bills. They bore the name of Alphonse de Bullion.

"Well, so instead of being interested in defeating crime, you commit it!" said the prefect. "Now I believe your story was a hoax all the way through. Remove this man to the depot. The juge d'instruction will have to take up this case. I am through with it."

Without ceremony poor Buckford was hustled away and in a very short time was locked in a cell in the detention bureau of the Palais de Justice. Certainly his interest in protecting an unknown prince had led him into a pretty scrape.

The affair became known in the city. The name of M. de Bullion was well known for his wealth and eccentric ways. A murder with so much of the mysterious element in it was a novelty even in Paris, where one breathes mystery with the microbes in the street.

The investigating magistrate was M. Senecal. His interest in his work was supreme. He strived at all times to take up a case absolutely without prejudice. His name was synonymous with fair play. It seemed to be the one fortunate thing of Buckford's mishap that M. Senecal had charge of the case. It insured a rigid and impartial investigation.

Different magistrates have different ways of going to work. Many would, believing it to be in the interest of justice, have had an interview with the prisoner first. Others would have learned the known facts from the police records.

M. Senecal did neither of these. His experience had shown him that the police records at that stage of the case, or of any case, were almost certain to be incorrect in some important details, and having learned a thing which proved to be false, he then had the difficulty to unlearn it and begin over again. He also had discovered that a prisoner examined in the first heat of his capture invariably made statements that were controverted at the regular examination.

M. Senecal's motto was, "Let them all get their wind, and then I can tell who is lying the most."

This method of M. Senecal's was responsible for a couple of very bad days for poor Wallace. He remained in the depot, fretting, chafing at what he considered an injustice and wondering if the investigation would ever take place and what the result of it would be, for if the police still refused to believe that he had received the purse from the plotter, he saw no way of escaping the charge of murdering M. de Bullion.

Now it so happened that this delay was a good thing in more ways than one for Buckford. On the afternoon of the second day, while he was fretting in his cell, a visitor had come to see M. Senecal.

This visitor was evidently a person of some importance, for he arrived before M. Senecal's door in a fine carriage, drawn by a pair of splendid horses. An obsequious footman bowed him out of the carriage and to the very door of M. Senecal's residence.

But this visitor seemed not to be one who needed a footman either for assistance or for show. He was a young man not more than 24, of rugged build, somewhat tall, well knit and broad shouldered. He walked with a firm and manly tread and with military erectness.

The card he sent in to M. Senecal meant nothing to that gentleman.

"Bosso Duvally!" said the magistrate, turning the card over in his hand. "What a peculiar name! Not French, I think, but perhaps—yes. Admit him."

The young man entered the presence of the magistrate with a show of good

[Continued on fourth page.]

McKean County Miner
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT THURSDAY, NOV. 21, 1901.

EVERYBODY can breathe again. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty was signed in London Monday last.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S message is nearly ready to be submitted to Congress. It is said that various subjects are treated with much attention to detail and that the message is longer by several thousand words than any similar missive ever written by a President of the United States.

HENRY KIVILIN, sentenced to life imprisonment in Buffalo this week after having been found guilty of murder in the second degree, thanked the court when sentence had been pronounced. He then rolled a cigarette and sat down. Another instance of the innate depravity of the deadly cigarette.

OKLAHOMA wants to be a State and according to the annual report of its governor, recently made public, a population of over half a million is claimed for the candidate for Statehood. Oklahoma is progressive and is consequently constantly forging ahead in all matters pertaining to population and industry. Its appeal for Statehood will probably not be in vain.

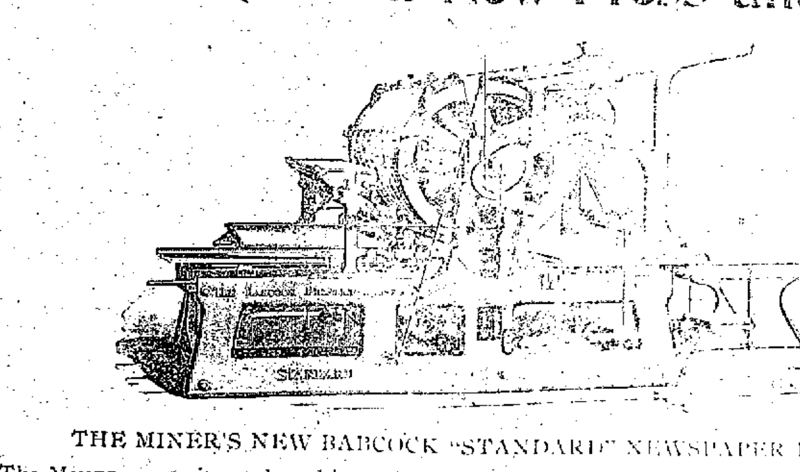
THE Panama Canal Company wants to sell out to Uncle Sam, but experts who have carefully looked over the ground, declare that the price demanded together with what it will cost to complete the work, would create an excess of about $15,000,000 over the cost for the completion of the Nicaraguan canal. "I do not believe that the people of the United States would take the Panama canal as a gift," says President Roosevelt.

IT is reported that San Francisco may soon make the very interesting experiment of employing Chinese girls as telephone operators. The large number of Chinese subscribers in San Francisco, it is said, has long made it necessary to have a central station where the operators speak the Chinese language. Men have held these positions heretofore, but the company, it is said, finds that girls will answer its purpose better. Intelligent girls will be obtained from the missions and a matron will be engaged to see that they are properly protected. Six operators will be needed for the Chinese system. An interesting feature of their duties will be the making of tea, since Chinese etiquet requires that customers should be entertained while waiting for the public telephone. Tea and tobacco are both furnished at the company's expense. American customers who have to wait for telephonic service might also be pacified by means of refreshments furnished while they wait.—Bradford Era.

ACCORDING to recent newspaper reports miners in British Columbia have formed a conspiracy to overthrow the British government in that isolated territory. The dispatches state that the would-be belligerents have secured firearms and provisions which they have concealed at strategic points. The intention of the movement is to form a new republic, and it is claimed to be headed by some of the most influential American citizens of the Klondike. For seven months in the year they claim they can withstand any attack made upon them from outside sources, and already claim the strength to overthrow the mounted police of that region. It is further revealed that the miners expect to hold off forces sent against them until they receive aid from the outside which they confidently assert will be tendered them. However, hostilities have not opened and if the story came from a locality other than the Arctic regions it would be looked upon as being of the "hot air" variety.

AS ALL the world knows, that changes and modification made in the war revenue act by the last Congress did not result in such a reduction of the government revenues as the framers of the bill had figured out—or in such a reduction as Secretary Gage deemed necessary under existing conditions. The buoyant business of the country, as the New York Commercial says, and the consequently increased spending powers of the masses were prime factors in keeping up the inflow into the treasury despite the numerous reductions in the tax rates. Agitation of the question of further reductions is already getting sharply into evidence. Several Congressmen are said to have bills in preparation and numerous branches of trade—notably the tea, the beer, the tobacco and whisky interests—are marshaling their forces for an assault on the national legislature with demands for a wiping out of their internal revenue taxes or, at any rate, big cut-downs in them. Now there are, of course, some articles on which these taxes might with reason and with prudence be reduced—ought to be in particular instances. But it may be that this bounding prosperity will not continue forever and that ultimately the government may have to face deficits instead of a surplus. That is one thing to be considered. Another is, that with every perceptible shrinking of the surplus popular and lawmaking interest in the manner in which the government shall distribute its surplus revenues so as to keep them employed in the country's business—and not hopelessly tied up beyond use—is materially lessened. The time to settle that question is when we have a surplus in tangible evidence. "When Alexander cut the knot he lacked the genius to untie it." Let us untie it now. We have cut it too often.

The MINER Has a New Press and Dress.



THE MINER'S NEW BABCOCK "STANDARD" NEWSPAPER PRESS.

The MINER greets its readers this week better equipped for issuing a first-class country weekly than at any time since its establishment in 1863. A new Babcock "Standard" newspaper press has been placed in position for service this week and will greatly facilitate the publication of the paper, both as regards speed and appearance. New type has been purchased and now the MINER [illegible] plain, clear "eight-point," the same face being used throughout the paper. Nor will the improvements stop here. The MINER is determined to maintain its position as the leading weekly newspaper of McKean county and its constantly increasing business in every department shows that our efforts are not in vain. Anticipating the wants of MINER patrons it is our constant endeavor to keep [illegible] of the times and with that end in view have made the MINER the best equipped newspaper office in the county. We can confidently say, "If it's printable bring it here," and you will be satisfied if you heed this request. All are cordially invited to visit the office at any time and inspect the equipment. Come in and see the new press.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17, 1901.

President Roosevelt has expressed himself as "sincerely hoping that the Hays-Pauncefote treaty will be promptly ratified, that the canal bill will be passed immediately thereafter and that work may be begun on the Isthmian canal at the earliest possible date," and by inference, he has indicated that he does not consider the Panama route as requiring further consideration. These views were expressed in a conversation with Representative Hepburn, Chairman of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, and with Representative Sherman of the same Committee. With regard to the Panama route, although Mr. Hepburn has stated that the government would not accept it as a gift, it must be remembered that at the time of his conversation with the President, it was known that M. Hutin, president of the Panama company had refused to make a formal proposition to the Isthmian Canal Commission, and it was believed that he was acting in a most unbusinesslike manner. It is not known that M. Hutin has determined to present his proposition directly to the President, believing that it would stand a better chance of fair consideration than it would have if it had been incorporated in the already voluminous report of the commission. I understand that the Commission will report favorably to the Nicaraguan route, that it will recommend a canal with a bottom width of one hundred and fifty feet and a depth of thirty-five feet at mean low water, the estimated cost being about two hundred million dollars.

The reciprocity question is still attracting the greatest interest and the President is acquiring an extensive knowledge of the views of the business men of the country. He stated to Mr. W. O. Smith of Hawaii, a prominent sugar producer, that he would not favor any reciprocity arrangement with Cuba that would prove injurious to the interests of American sugar producers, including in the latter term the sugar producers of Louisiana, Hawaii and Porto Rico, and the best sugar growers of the United States.

The President, as witnessed by many recent utterances, is favorable to reciprocity where it can be effected without injury to American industry, but the conviction is daily gaining strength that he does not propose to perform the duties of Congress and that in his forthcoming message, he will clearly and concisely elaborate the situation and refer the matter of legislation to Congress.

This opinion, which has been gaining ground for some time, was strongly supported by Mr. Roosevelt's remarks to a delegation headed by some of the most prominent business men of the country, who recently called on him to express their views upon the subject of reciprocity, and particularly to urge upon him the careful consideration of the advisability of negotiating with Great Britain a reciprocity treaty covering our trade with Canada. The delegation argued that Canada was the third largest buyer of American products in the world, that she bought more than all South America, Cuba and Mexico combined and that her proximity, her business methods and, in fact, many possibilities of trade with her made a reciprocal arrangement most desirable. The President listened very attentively and expressed himself in the most general way as in favor of reciprocity, but urged the members of the delegation to see and talk to members of Congress saying that "all positive action would necessarily be taken by the legislative branch of the government."

Representative Babcock of Wisconsin who has been so emphatic in his assertions that he would press his bill revising the tariff schedule on iron and steel products, has made a statement defining his position. He says that where changed conditions have resulted in cheapening the cost of production so that the present rate of tariff is not needed for the protection of labor he would lower the rate until it was only sufficient to make up the difference between the cost of American labor at present wages and the cost of foreign labor. He says the protection policy means protection to American labor and the end and the end and the aim of the tariff is the maintenance of the present high wages paid to American workmen, but as soon as the tariff does more than that it becomes a burden on the people. "The question this Congress will be called upon to answer is: Will it permit a tariff duty to remain in force to enable a trust to pay dividends on watered stock?" said Mr. Babcock. "The question I have raised will be met and I want it solved by the Republican party."

Representative Boutell of Illinois and member of the House Committee on Coinage, Weights and measures, has established himself in Washington for the session. He said on the subject of reciprocity, one evening last week, "As I recollect it, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, our exports amounted to very nearly $1,500,000,000, while our imports were about $900,000,000 so that our exports exceed our imports by about $600,000,000. Now it does not need argument to show that in order to continue this present rapid rate of expansion of our foreign commerce we must be able to take more of the products of the countries to which our goods are sold. It is simply axiomatic that we cannot continue the present disproportionate ratio between our exports and imports."

"Merit and merit alone will win appointments in our dependencies," were the words in which the President expressed himself to Mr. Clinton B. Woodruff, Chairman of the Committee on Dependencies of the National Civil Service Reform League. This is quite in accordance with the policy of the President in all of his appointments. He has positively refused to appoint anyone whom he did not believe deserved the appointment from the standpoint of merit.

The tangle in the New York situation was partly unraveled Friday by the appointment of State Senator Nevada N. Stranahan, Collector of the port of New York, to succeed George R. Bidwell, the present incumbent. The appointment seems to meet with the hearty approval of the business men but it has been impossible to get any information as to the attitude of Secretary Gage. It will be remembered that Senator Platt has made the announcement that Mr. Bidwell would remain in the collectorship as long as he remained in the Senate, but he now says that, while he considers Bidwell "the best collector New York ever had," he approves of Senator Stranahan. "No words are strong enough to describe Mr. Stranahan's fitness for the office," he replied when his opinion of the appointment was requested.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

President Roosevelt has issued his proclamation fixing Thursday, November 28, as a day of national thanksgiving. The proclamation is as follows:

The season is nigh when according to the time hallowed custom of our people the President appoints a day as the especial occasion for praise and thanksgiving to God.

This thanksgiving finds the people still bowed with sorrow for the death of a great and good President. We mourn President McKinley because we so loved and honored him; and the manner of his death should awaken in the breasts of our people a keen anxiety for the country, and at the same time a resolute purpose not to be driven by any calamity from the path of strong, orderly popular liberty, which as a nation we have thus far safely trod.

Yet in spite of this great disaster it is nevertheless true that no people on earth have such abundant cause for thanksgiving as we have. The past year in particular has been one of peace and plenty. We have prospered in things material and have been able to work for our uplifting in things intellectual and spiritual. Let us remember that as so much has been given us much will be expected from us, and that true homage comes from the heart as well as from the lips and shows itself in deeds. We can best prove our thankfulness to the Almighty by the way in which on this earth and at this time each of us does his duty to his fellow-men.

Now therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, do hereby designate as a day of general thanksgiving, Thursday, the 28th of this present November and do recommend that throughout the land the people cease from their wonted occupations and at their several homes and places of worship reverently thank the Giver of all Good for the countless blessings of our national life.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this second day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-sixth.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

By the President:
JOHN HAY,
Secretary of State.

A Village Blacksmith Saved His Little Son's Life.

Mr. H. H. Black, the well known village blacksmith at Grahamsville, Sullivan Co., N. Y., says: "Our little son five years old has always been subject to croup, and so bad have the attacks been that we have feared many times that he would die. We have had the doctor and used many medicines, but Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is now our sole reliance. It seems to dissolve the tough mucus and by giving frequent doses when the croupy symptoms appear we have found that the dreaded croup is cured before it gets settled." There is no danger in giving this remedy for it contains no opium or other injurious drugs and may be given as confidently to a babe as to an adult. For sale by H. C. Wells, druggist.

"I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and find it to be a great medicine," says Mr. E. S. Phipps of Poteau, Ark. "It cured me of bloody flux. I cannot speak too highly of it." This remedy always wins the good opinion, if not praise, of those who use it. The quick cures which it effects even in the most severe cases make it a favorite everywhere. For sale by H. C. Wells, druggist.

Have you a sense of fullness in the region of your stomach after eating? If so you will be benefited by using Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They also cure belching and sour stomach. They regulate the bowels too. Price, 25 cents. Sold by H. C. Wells, druggist.

When you want a pleasant physic try the new Remedy, Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. Price, 25 cents. Samples free at H. C. Wells' drug store.

John Swan the jeweler, is located with me and will be pleased to see his old customers and many new ones.
M. L. ARMSTRONG.

My stock of robes and blankets is complete. No better line was ever shown in Smethport. CHARLES LEMMLER.

Room for Rent—to two gentlemen conveniently heated. For particulars apply at store of Sherard & Gallup.

The celebrated Triple Effect Heaters for sale at J. C. Hamlin's.



License Transfer Notice

Notice is hereby given that the application of William Hungerford and George M[illegible] for transfer of Bottler's License [illegible] Warshofsky [illegible] on south side of Water street [illegible] County of McKean [illegible] the Court of Quarter Sessions of [illegible] at ten o'clock a. m.

GORTON & RICHMOND,
Attorneys for Applicants.

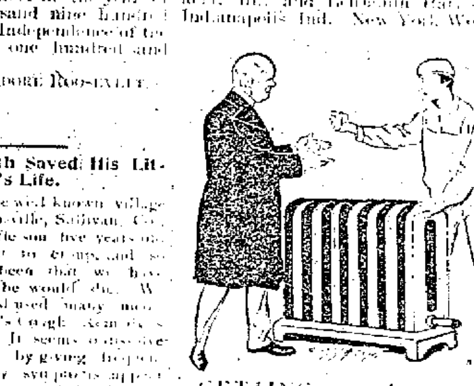
The Graves of Our Presidents.

The depositing of [illegible] remains of [illegible] what is [illegible] to [illegible] previous [illegible] final resting place at [illegible] soon after [illegible] William McKinley's death [illegible] all our departed Presidents are buried at the places which were homes to them while they lived.

It was at one time proposed that George Washington's body should rest forever within the National Capitol, and the Capitol guides make it a point of showing the visitors the crypt which was prepared to receive it. But the Father of his Country was buried at Mount Vernon, Va., while John Adams and his son, John Quincy Adams, sleep in the little Unitarian church at Quincy, Mass. Thomas Jefferson is at his own estate at Monticello, Va., James Madison at Montpelier, Va., and James Monroe at Richmond, [illegible] Capital [illegible] [illegible] were at rest [illegible] nearly thirty-six years, almost one third of the time since it was established.

New York until Mr. McKinley's burial stood next to Virginia in the number of her Presidents' graves, of which it holds four. Martin Van Buren sleeps at Kinderhook on the Hudson where he was born; Millard Fillmore at Buffalo, where he died in 1874, having lived for twenty one years after his retirement from the Presidency, while Ulysses S. Grant rests in the costliest [illegible] of all our Presidential tombs at Riverside Park, and Chester A. Arthur in a very modest one at Albany.

With [illegible] Henry Harrison, Rutherford B. Hayes, James A. Garfield and William McKinley all have graves in Ohio, the first named at North Bend, the second at Columbus, the third at Cleveland and the fourth at Canton. Jackson, Polk and Johnson are buried in Tennessee, Jackson at the Hermitage [illegible] Polk in the [illegible] and Johnson at Greenville. The roll call of Presidents' graves is completed by saying that Franklin Pierce rests at his fellow townsmen at Concord, N. H.; Zachary Taylor [illegible] Lancaster, Pa.; Abraham Lincoln at Springfield, Ill., and Benjamin Harrison at Indianapolis Ind.—New York World.



GETTING A great many people will [illegible]
HOT OVER IT
[illegible] over our work. Can't help [illegible] Expect them to do so. They [illegible] cheerfully pay us for making them hot.

Steam, Hot Water and Hot Air Heating.

should be considered at once and an order to begin work sent here before cold weather sets in.

Our experience in this line enables us to put all jobs through quickly and sucessfully at moderate cost.

Willett S. Palmer.

UNION PHONE 24. BELL PHONE [illegible]. Smethport.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is as ever headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific [illegible] Painless extraction of teeth. Over [illegible] years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Keep Your Bowels Strong.

Constipation or diarrhoea when your bowels are out of order. Cascarets Candy Cathartic [illegible] them act naturally. Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. All druggists, 10c.

[illegible legal notices]

NOTICE.

[illegible]

[illegible] W. MECHLING, Register.

PRESERVE
IRON FENCES AND METAL ROOFS
FROM DECAY WITH
"GRAPHITE ELASTIC PAINT"
MADE ONLY BY
THE NATIONAL PAINT & VARNISH CO.
CLEVELAND, O.

Made of Black Lead (Graphite) [illegible] Creosote Oil and Nicaragua [illegible] making it an Adhesive, Gummy [illegible] Paint that is moisture and air-proof [illegible] which prevents rust.

$500 Reward for any Tar, Asphaltum, Benzine, Gasoline or other injurious ingredient found in it.

Beware of Tar or Asphaltum Imitations that rust instead of preserve metal.

Beware of Mixed Paints. They contain [illegible] become porous, absorb moisture [illegible] oxidize the Metal and Hasten [illegible] Graphite Elastic Paint [illegible] guaranteed to wear perfectly for 5 years [illegible] preserves the metal. It invariably wears for 10 years.

Insist on this brand. There are hundreds of imitations.

There are none just as good.

Call on [illegible] for Descriptive Circular.

FOR SALE IN SMETHPORT BY

J. C. HAMLIN.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
[illegible] THE BOWELS
10c. 25c. 50c. All Druggists.
Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

[illegible] W. DUFF & SONS. [illegible], Pa.

BELL BROS.

OLEAN'S BIG DEPARTMENT STORE

ABOUT
LINENS FOR
THANKSGIVING.

Every housewife knows that to have the table look it's best she must have fine spotless linens, for it's an old saying, "You can judge a housewife by the linens in her house." We all welcome this kind of judgment. We have carefully studied the linen business and we have carefully studied the linen markets at home and abroad. Ireland and Germany have sent us their best and we feel sure you'll be pleased and will profit by buying your linens of us.

Prices are always low but here is an extra inducement to buy before Thanksgiving.

Regular 50c quality 70 inch in all linen bleached damask for 49c
" 85c " 68 " " " " " " 67c
" $1.00 " 72 " " " " " " 85c
" $1.25 " " " " " " " " $1.12
20 inch napkins to match 85c and $1.12 quality for $2.25 a doz.
24 " " " " $2.68 a doz

KODAKS AND KODAK SUPPLIES.

We are agents for Eastman's Kodaks in this section. Our prices are as low as anywhere.

McCoy's Drug Store,

SMETHPORT, PA. NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE.

FRESH BALTIMORE **OYSTERS**

every day in the week at

The Model Restaurant.

Families Supplied.

Delicious and Strengthening

You Will Find

Dotterweich's Pure Beer,

Made from Pure Malt and Hops
Physicians Recommend It.

DOTTERWEICH BREWING CO.,
OLEAN, NEW YORK.

Write or 'Phone for a case for family use to

A. J. WARSHOFSKY,
BOTTLER. SMETHPORT, PA.

On Sale at all Hotels and Saloons.

New Fall Goods Just Received

At Store of

D. C. Young

Many Dress Goods at Prices Much Lower than formerly.

A new feature this week is a bargain counter upon which will be found many goods at cost or even less. Call and examine for yourself.

A new lot of celebrated Waldorf Waists, made of French flannel, mercerized fabrics, &c., from $1.00 up. Every Waist guaranteed to fit.

Fine assortment of Groceries. Try our Java and Mocha blended coffee at 35c lb.; best in town.

FELT'S FANCY FLOUR.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA. Sept. 23, 1901.



HALF A BOTTLE

of medicine compounded from

Pure, Fresh Drugs

is worth many a full bottle of that prepared from goods which have deteriorated through age or any other cause.

We use only drugs which possess all the qualities that makes them effective.

Prescriptions

filled here are done accurately, quantity and quality are right.

We carry a full line of Propriety Medicines.

L. K. HOGARTH & CO.

Opposite Court House.

Leading Druggists, Smethport, Pa.

AT

J. COLEGROVE'S,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Can be found the latest Waist goods, London dots, Persian stripes and Old Gold, 12 1-2c yd. New Outing Flannels, Curtain goods, Underwear, etc

Try Meta Vita Breakfast food, something new, requires no cooking. Your money back if you do not like it.

We have added to stock Coleman's Mustard, which is an imported article made in England. Very finest, purest goods ever sold. Try it

We have a self closing oil can which must be seen to be appreciated. Ask to have it demonstrated to you.

J. COLEGROVE.

PALACE PHARMACY,
J. W. VOORHEES, PROP.,
RETAILER & JOBBER OF
DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES
TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.
SMETHPORT, PA.

Pipes

Best assortment in town

5 Cents to $8.00 each.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

PASADENA KIDNEY, COUGH, LINIMENT. [illegible] Bronchitis, Asthma, Bron[illegible] Consumption, Etc. [illegible] Remedy for Pains, Bruises [illegible]
PASADENA MEDICINE COMPANY BRADFORD, PENNA.

LEUCORRHOEA AND ALL Diseases of Women POSITIVELY AND PERMANENTLY CURED BY MEDICONES. THE MOST SCIENTIFIC AND SATISFACTORY TREATMENT KNOWN. One Month's Supply $1.00. Sample free. MEDICONE Co. Hornellsville, N.Y.

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO. F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.

Thanksgiving Sale of Table Linens Begins To-day

Several very handsome table sets—patterns entirely new. One dozen napkins with large size Table Cloths - $7 00 set. Pure white Satin Damask, all linen, 2 yards wide, at $ .50 $ .85, $1.00, $1.25, $1.75 per yard.

New and elaborate patterns in Irish table Napkins, $1 00 $2 25, $3 00, $5.00 per dozen. Doilies, Squares, Scarfs.

We may confidently assert that the values we now offer in linens are by far the best shown in this market for many years.

THANKSGIVING SPECIALS FOR GENTLEMEN.

NECKWEAR, SHIRTS, HATS, GLOVES, SHOES.

TABLE DELICACIES,

MALAGA GRAPES, FANCY CLUSTER RAISINS, NUTS, ORANGES.

F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.

Redfield's Hardware,

Mason Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

We Would Be Glad

When you wish to buy any kind of a Stove or Range to have you carefully

COMPARE



With any other make

IN THE WORLD.

We feel your decision will be favorable to the

FAVORITE,

Therefore we court careful comparison. We know they are not Equaled.

JEWETT'S REFLEX

is the latest and best in the family of Gas Heaters.

This is its first year on the market and we believe that it has no equal. The extra large amount of surface exposed for radiation is the strong simple feature of the

REFLEX

over all previously constructed gas heaters. Come in and let us explain its many good points.

We also have the

TRIPLE EFFECT

which is so well known that it needs no introduction.

In fact we have a COMPLETE line of Gas Heaters of all styles and makes.

H. H. REDFIELD.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complete line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

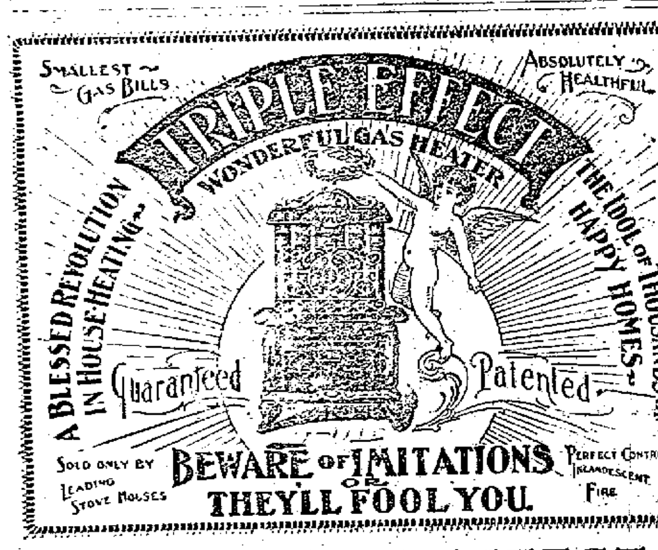
"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer, Smethport, Pa

Millinery.

We now have a complete stock of new WINTER MILLINERY which is being sold very reasonably. . . . .

Also, children's bonnets and cloaks, ladies' jackets, capes, skirts, waists, wrappers, underwear, &c.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN, Smethport, Pa.



THE TRIPLE EFFECT.

If you are going to buy a Heating Stove get the best. If you want heat, health and a small gas bill, get the Triple Effect. If you have any doubt of its marvelous heating qualities, consult any one who has used one, and especially those who have "fired" the imitations and replaced them with the original and ONLY Triple Effect. Sold ONLY by

J. C. Hamlin.

in Smethport and Vicinity.

Remember, its system of manufacturing hot air is covered by U. S. patents owned by the makers, and I have their exclusive agency in this town. Any one claiming similar improvements in tubular heating is trying to recite 'Hamlet' with Hamlet left out.

They are sold at the same prices the world over.

McKean County Miner

Entered [illegible]

SMETHPORT, THURSDAY, NOV. 21, 1901

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Sheriff's sales this week.

—Catholic fair commences December 9.

—Jerry McCarty is seriously ill at his home on East Main street.

—Now is the time for merchants to start their holiday advertising.

—Attend the entertainment at the court house next Monday night.

—A number of the members of the Eastern Star visited Eldred Monday night.

—Through the efforts of one of its most enterprising citizens Galeton will have a public park.

—The turkey supper given by the Epworth League in the chapel Tuesday evening was a success in every way.

—The social club gave one of its popular dancing parties in the hose house last Thursday evening.

—Bell Bros., Olean, have something to say to you about Thanksgiving linens this week. Read their ad.

—Students at the Clarion State Normal School find there the most favorable conditions for intellectual and moral development.

—George L. Heath and Miss Nellie Toles were recently married at Coudersport. The bride was formerly a resident of East Smethport.

—Owing to riots among striking miners at Providence, Kentucky, the governor ordered out the State militia the first of the week.

—F. H. Nourse and family have moved to Shingle House, where Mr. Nourse will devote his attention to his livery stable at that place.

—The marriage of Miss Jeannette Jordan and Harry Martin Glassmire, two popular young people of Coudersport, will occur next Wednesday.

—F. G. Lindholm & Co. have an interesting ad this week. This popular establishment is constantly at the front with up-to-the-instant goods in line.

—Messrs. Oviatt and Pierce had four coons on exhibition in front of Brownell Bros.' store Monday afternoon. They killed the animals in the vicinity of Smethport.

—Reports from Warley Gifford, who is at Cambridge Springs, are encouraging. His condition is somewhat improved, which is welcome news to his many friends.

—The ladies of the M. E. church will hold a sale of aprons and handkerchiefs in the chapel Tuesday, Dec. 17. This will give opportunity to get pretty ones for Xmas gifts.

—Editor Harry Caskey of the Austin Autograph is rejoicing over the arrival of a nine pound girl at his home. The Autograph was a little late last week in consequence thereof.

—Mrs. Calista A. Rice of Eldred, widow of former Commissioner R. A. Rice, has secured an original pension of $8 per month, through the agency of E. R. Sherman of Bradford.

—The Northern Convocation of the Diocese of Pittsburg will meet at Clearfield on Nov. 25th and 26th. The Rev. J. H. McCandless will speak on the late general convention at San Francisco.

—Alderman James Franklin, the well known base ball magnate of Buffalo, died very suddenly in that city Monday night of heart disease. Mrs. J. C. McKenna of Bradford is a sister of the deceased.

—Sunday, Nov. 24, is the National Temperance Day of the W. C. T. U. Services will be held at the M. E. church, conducted by the pastor, Rev. Patterson. A talk will be given on scientific temperance instruction.

—Burgess E. L. Ryan of Kane is enforcing the ordinance relative to cleaning sidewalks and with that end in view has already caused several arrests. Perhaps a little of that treatment applied in Smethport would bring good results.

—A fair-sized crowd of Smethport people took advantage of the excursion over the Shawmut to go to Mt. Jewett Monday night and witness the production of "The American Girl." All speak in the highest terms of the performance.

—J. C. Hamlin doubles his advertising space this week to properly tell you of his immense stock of seasonable goods. This reliable establishment can always be depended upon to have the very best articles to be found in a first-class hardware store.

—Your attention is directed to the special sale advertised in another column which will take place at the store of Mary L. Bisett. Christmas is close at hand and it will be to your advantage to look over her stock at once. Do not fail to read her new ad.

—Princeton, Ind., News: "Signor Patricolo is one of the most noted pianists of the musical world. He is master of his instrument and gives marvelous exhibitions of his genius and skill." With the Patricolo Concert company at the court house next Monday night.

—The Omaha, Neb., Bee: "Omaha was given an opportunity Monday evening of hearing America's greatest violinist, Herbert Butler, of Chicago Conservatory of Music, and the audience more than realized their expectations." At the court house next Monday night.

—At the Methodist church next Sunday morning the pastor, Gaylard H. Patterson, will give an object talk of special interest to boys and girls, and the junior choir will take part in the service. "The Church and the Criminal Classes" is the subject of the evening sermon.

—Mr. T. H. Garrity of Smethport, who was a patient at the Bradford hospital and underwent an extensive surgical operation, has been discharged and has returned to the county seat.—Record. Mr. Garrity formerly resided in Smethport, but now makes his home in Kushequa.

—McCoy's drug store was flooded Wednesday morning by the bursting of a water pipe in the second floor of the Odd Fellows' building. Luckily the water came into the store in such a way as to miss the goods on the shelves, but the wall paper recently put on was considerably damaged.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. At the evening service the choir will sing Dr. Garrett's "Harvest Cantata," containing recitatives, chorus, semi chorus, chants and hymns. The words will be printed for the use of the congregation.

—The Chautauquan: "Even after recalls the audience would not then release her, but gave her a hearty encore. Miss Winifred Gray has won for herself a warm place in the hearts of the Chautauquans. Her impersonations are exact and life-like and her dialect perfect." Court house, Monday next.

—Ellwood Gaskin has made extensive improvements on the interior of his tobacco store and news stand. Aside from being newly papered and painted, and the floor covered with oil cloth, the store has been arranged with particular attention to convenience. "Bob" now has one of the neatest establishments in town.

—William H. Hungerford and George McCarty have purchased of A. J. Warshofsky his bottling works on Water street and will take possession of the same as soon as a transfer of license can be effected. Messrs. Hungerford and McCarty are energetic young men and will undoubtedly make a big success of their venture.

—The Kane Republican in speaking of the abundance of game this year tells of a party of hunters from that place who recently brought in five deer and one bear as the result of a few days' hunt. Another nimrod of Kane recently killed a cub bear near the Kinzua road. The recent fall of snow has been a bonanza to hunters throughout this part of the country.

—The big football matches last Saturday resulted as follows. Yale 12, Princeton 0; University of Pennsylvania 16, Carlisle Indians 14; Cornell 24, Columbia 0; Harvard 27, Dartmouth 12. But two more games of importance remain to be played. Harvard and Yale will decide which is the best team in the United States next Saturday, and on Thanksgiving Day Pennsylvania and Cornell have their annual struggle.

—Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, Nov. 28th, will be observed at St. Luke's church by a choral celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 10:30. The service will be Custance in A flat, Introit Psalm 65, Sequence Hymn 469 ("Old Hundred"), anthem for Harvest Thanksgiving by Dr. Cuthbert Harris, solo for soprano and tenor, quartet and chorus. The offerings will be for general missions. The service with a short address will occupy about one hour. All are cordially invited to attend.

—The Chicago Musical Leader: "The work of Miss Agnes Rapp can be recommended to the careful attention of those interested in watching the career of this young artist who shows talent of such fine order. Her natural gifts have been beautifully cultivated by Madame Dove Boetti, and she sings operatic arias with an ease and facial grace that many an old established artist might envy." At the court house Monday Nov. 25.

—A nine-year old boy named Black, man of Mt. Jewett was taken to Buffalo this week for the purpose of having his eyes examined by specialists. According to the Buffalo News the case is a strange one and a consultation of specialists will be held to determine the nature of the malady. It is stated that the boy's sight failed gradually, finally leaving him blind, and that the color also faded from his optics until they are now perfectly white.

—The Pittsburg Press contains the following complimentary notice regarding the work of Charles Trucks, formerly of Bradford, who is now located in the Smoky City: "On the Pittsburg alleys Wednesday evening Charles Trucks in practice made the remarkable score of 1,284 pins in six games, averaging 214 for each game. This score is something to be proud of as it has never been rolled on regulation alleys in Pittsburg before. Following were his games: 236, 223, 189, 204, 222 and 210."

—Two Hazelhurst young men were arrested Tuesday by Constable Gardner-Callen on a warrant charging them with disturbance with a religious meeting, and in the evening the arrested parties aired their grievances before Justice Knapp. It appears that the men attended a meeting of the "Holy Rollers" at Hazelhurst Sunday evening and participated in the ceremonies of that peculiar sect with so much enthusiasm as to arouse the suspicions of some of the "high rollers" that they were not absolutely sincere in their devotions. After a hearing the case was settled in a manner satisfactory to all concerned.

—The Eldred Eagle takes exception to the part of our football article of Nov. 7 which read: "During an altercation which followed, one of the 'reptiles of the swamp' stuck his fangs into Gorton's thumb." The Eagle makes it appear that we applied the term to Eldred people in general when it should only apply to such beings in that place who would stoop to biting a man. One who will deliberately bite a person is no better than a reptile of the swamp and to such persons we applied this term. We do not think there are a great many people in Eldred who would be guilty of such an inhuman act and we do not like to have the Eagle carry the impression that we consider all citizens of Eldred reptiles of the swamp, for such is not the case. Every town has a few people in it whom the majority are not proud of and Eldred is no exception, and it seems to us that the Eagle is doing the wrong thing by classing the whole population of the town with the few toughs who created the trouble.

PERSONAL MENTION.

John Troy of Olean was a business visitor in town Monday.

Sheriff W. B. Clarke visited Port Allegany Saturday last.

Walter Hamilton of Port Allegany passed Sunday in Smethport.

Editor B. G. Bartle of the Port Allegany Press made Smethport a business visit Monday.

Dr. Ungerer, a popular dentist of Buffalo, was a guest of A. W. Pancoast and family the first of the week.

J. W. Bouton left this morning for Port Allegany where he is engaged in settling up the estate of the late E. P. Dalrymple.

Roy Hannis, traveling salesman for Johnston & Co., paper dealers of Harrisburg, was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

T. H. Morrison has returned from Erie and will pass the winter at his home in this place. He is at present engaged in the law office of Bouton & Gallup.

Judge T. A. Morrison, Rev. G. H. Patterson, Supt. J. E. Myers and Alfred Sturdevant were Monday morning passengers on the Shawmut, bound for points north and south.

E. M. Adam of New London, Conn., has been in Smethport the past week placing Babcock presses in the Miner office and Redfield's Printery. Aside from being a skilled mechanic, who thoroughly understands his business, Mr. Adam is socially a pleasant gentleman and has made many friends during his short stay in Smethport.

Death of Margaret Baldwin Oviatt.

Died Saturday, November 17, 1901, at her home in East Smethport, Maggie Baldwin, wife of G. E. Oviatt. Her death was caused by pneumonia.

Maggie Baldwin was born in Duke Centre February 10, 1860. On November 13, 1877, she was united in marriage with G. E. Oviatt. Six children blessed this union, five of whom with their father survive to mourn the loss of a loving mother and devoted wife. Following are the children: J. Bernan, Cyrus W., Evelyn N., J. Rose and Grace V.

Mrs. Oviatt was a woman greatly beloved by all who knew her. Possessed of many estimable qualities she will be sadly missed by a large circle of friends and acquaintances. The bereaved family have the heartfelt sympathy of all in their hour of affliction. "He gave and has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

The funeral was held at the Union church, East Smethport, Sunday afternoon last at 2 o'clock, Rev. G. H. Patterson officiating. The remains were followed to their final resting place in Rose Hill cemetery by a large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All taxpayers of Smethport [illegible] are hereby notified that [illegible] per cent on their taxes [illegible] be paid on or before January [illegible] can be found at the furniture and carpet store of Specht & Sasse, this borough.

CARL SASSE, Collector.

Triple Effect, Detroit Jewell, Jewett's Reflex, In Process.

The four best Gas Heaters. We [illegible] all four. REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

There is economy in [illegible] and blankets. They [illegible] better and are warmer than [illegible] good" kind. [illegible]

CHARLES LEMMLER.

Do you want a good [illegible] coat or ammunition. Holmes and Gilfillan's is the place to get.

Pine, Cedar and Hemlock Shingles, Steel, Granite and Paper Roofing at J. C. Hamlin's.

Crocks, butter jars, flower pots and yellow ware. A full new line at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

House for rent. Inquire of O. D. BUSH, East Smethport, Pa.

SERIOUS SHOOTING ACCIDENT.

Fred D. Gallup, the Well Known Attorney, Victim of a Painful Accident While Hunting Thursday Last

Last Thursday F. D. Gallup, Dan [illegible] A. Burdick, J. W. Bouton and [illegible] Hamlin formed a merry party [illegible] who started for [illegible] Farmers Valley to enjoy a day's hunting. After [illegible] around in the woods for some time [illegible] the Herzog farm one of the dogs [illegible] a pheasant almost in front of Mr. Burdick, who quickly fired [illegible]. Mr. Hamlin also shot at the bird when it passed him, further down the slope, and both of them were startled to hear a cry of pain from Mr. Gallup, of whose presence in the vicinity they were ignorant. They hurried to his assistance and discovered that Fred had been standing between them on the hillside and when Mr. Burdick fired he received almost the entire charge in his legs just above the knees, although it is stated that the victim was fully sixty feet from the gun. He was brought to Smethport as soon as possible and taken to the residence of James McKean on East Main street and medical aid summoned. An examination showed that over three hundred shot were imbedded in his legs, some of them quite deeply. Friday a few of the shot were removed by the attending physicians, Doctors Clark and McCoy. It seems impossible at present to tell what the final outcome of Mr. Gallup's injuries will be, but the latest reports concerning his condition are encouraging.

Resolutions of Respect.

The following resolutions were submitted to Lodge No. 50, Oil & Gas Well Workers, Ormsby, Pa., Nov. 12th, 1901, upon the death of F. E. Boylan, and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased God to remove from our Union here, our beloved brother, F. E. Boylan, to that Grand Union above, where there shall be no more parting, and

Whereas, Fairview Union, No. 50, having lost in F. E. Boylan a faithful and efficient member and a true and loyal friend, therefore be it

Resolved that we tender to his mourning relatives our heartfelt sympathy in their darkest hour of sorrow and point them to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, and further be it

Resolved that these resolutions be published in the McKEAN COUNTY MINER, the McKean Democrat, the Bradford Star and the Oil & Gas Well Workers Journal, and a copy sent to his relatives and that our charter be draped in mourning for a period of 30 days.

Signed: JAMES McGOWAN, R. B. BURDICK, F. G. PICARD, Committee

Correspondence.

LARABEE.

Mrs. C. T. Wilcox of Ceres, Pa., accompanied by her daughter, Edna, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Canning.

Mrs. Heinemann and children of Allegany, N. Y., have been spending some days at the home of Grandpa Canning.

Mrs. Buckley of Friendship, N. Y., was a guest of her niece, Mrs. Viola Crandall, during last week.

Mrs. S. T. Carpenter is spending some days with her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Gabel, at Eldred.

Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Moses of Port Allegany were guests of relatives in town Sunday.

E. T. Parsons of San Francisco, Cal., was a guest of E. S. Carpenter one day last week.

D. R. McDonald spent Sunday and Monday among St. Marys friends.

J. M. Paul of Hornellsville, N. Y., is visiting relatives in this region.

Mrs. Ella Otto visited Mrs. John Cory at Coryville Saturday.

Farmer Canning is visiting among York State friends.

Wm. Dunbar of Eldred was in town Saturday.

FARMERS VALLEY.

Mrs. Ed Oviatt who has been very sick with typhoid fever, passed away last Friday afternoon. We extend our sincerest sympathy to the bereaved family.

Many of her friends gathered at the home of Mrs. P. H. McGill last Wednesday and gave her a surprise in honor of her birthday.

Mrs. Corrie Dickerson and daughter, Lennie of Port Allegany, spent Sunday with relatives in this place.

Miss Lucy Laden of Surtwell was calling on friends in East Valley last Friday.

Frank Hartnett of Colevale was seen on our streets last Friday.

Frank Clinton of Costello is visiting relatives in this place.

The Window Glass Trade.

A Chicago dispatch to the Bradford Era, dated Nov. 19, says: Steps toward extending the influence of the window glass combine to include every glass manufacturing concern in the country, were taken to-day at a meeting of manufacturers. The independent concerns which control about 20 per cent. of the window glass in the country are tired of the fierce competition and endeavoring to form a combination among themselves as a preliminary to joining the combination. The three concerns which are commonly known as the trust, are the American Window Glass Co., the Independent Window Glass Co. and the Federation Co-Operative Window Glass Co. of Muncie, Ind. These three concerns produce 75 per cent. of the entire output of the country and are in a position to practically set prices. The other smaller companies have been at war among themselves and prices have been reduced to a point which [illegible] the cost of [illegible] many [illegible] the federation and [illegible] control the entire industry. [illegible]

The Newest Coats and Jackets.

[illegible] Louis XVI Coat, the New Long Coat adapted to all sorts of weather, the Blouse, Semi Fitting and Strapped Effects, etc., etc. [illegible] satisfactory results. Our [illegible] patrons should visit our Paper Pattern Department and inspect these jacket patterns particularly.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE.

Our horse blankets and robes take the lead and no mistake. The best that can be sold for the least money. Holmes & Gilfillan.

The most extensive line of Robes and Blankets ever shown in town can be seen at J. C. Hamlin's.

Now is the time to buy your robes and blankets, and Lemmler's is the place to buy them.

Boys wanted—Enquire at the office of the Hamlin Flint Bottle Works.



UP-TO-DATE attire, like that of the gentleman in the cut, makes a man look solid with himself and the world. Such a man is on the right train and is moving ahead at a winning speed. Clothing which solid men like to wear will be found in our array of

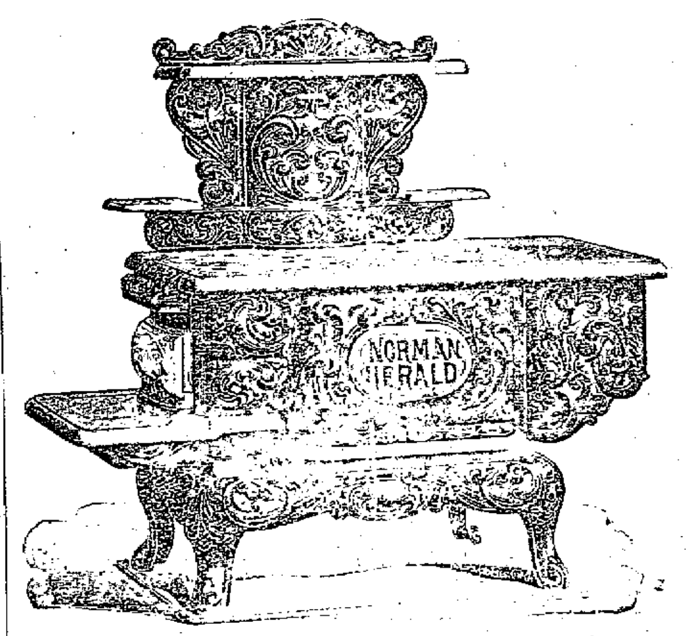
FALL SUITS.

A man passes for what he looks, just as a dollar passes for a hundred cents. To give yourself a hundred cent up-to-par appearance just put yourself inside one of our FALL SUITS.

H. W. RUBIN & CO.,

THE ONE PRICE

MERCHANT TAILORS, CLOTHIERS & FURNISHERS.



If you contemplate buying a stove, be it wood, coal or gas, for heating or cooking, we have it and less than the lowest city prices, too. Let us convince you.

Do not forget our stock of lumber, windows, doors and sash. If you are building, we have it all for you.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

Men's "Good Clothes" for Fall Are Here.

The most complete and finest collection of stylish attire ever designed for modern man; designed by the recognized dictators of fashion and carved out by the country's foremost tailors. The immensity of the stock and scope of assortment exceed that of any two Bradford stores combined. We present for your critical inspection all the new, original and striking patterns for the Fall of 1901.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 MAIN STREET, BRADFORD, PA.

The Big Double Clothing Store.

TAKE YOUR TIME; DON'T HURRY.

Look around, select with care; our stock is complete. We can please you.

J. M. SLOAN,

16 Main St. BRADFORD, PA.

Wm. Monheimer,

"THE FAMOUS,"

CLOTHIER,

Central Block, Smethport, Pa.

Do you know the advantage of buying for Cash?

The merchant who sells on credit is sure to have losses and the ones who pay cash have to make up for bad debts.

[illegible]

WE SELL FOR CASH ONLY, which enables you to buy one of our handsome Tailored Suits or Overcoats from $3.00 to $5.00 less than you can buy elsewhere.

Headquarters for the GUARANTEED EMERSON SHOES

A Poor Quality

Of drugs and medicines do infinitely more harm than good. None but the very best are used in compounding prescriptions at this Pharmacy. We guarantee their absolute purity and strength and as a consequence our trade in this department is constantly increasing. Bring your next prescription to this store and prove the truth of our words.

A complete line of

FINE STATIONERY,

Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Pocketbooks, Tobaccos, Cigars, &c., Always in stock.

H. C. WELLS.

FRY & HERZOG

Yama-Mai Outing Flannels

(Pronounced yah-mah-my)

Solves the problem of

SILK LININGS AT LOW PRICES.

'Tis procurable here at forty cents per yard.

'Tis all silk

'Tis worth knowing about.

We have it here in shades to match every gown at half the price usually asked for silk linings.

'Twill help your home dress-making.

'Twill enhance the beauty of your wardrobe.

Width 19 inches.

Price per yd. 40c

AT SAVING PRICES.

An exceptional purchasing opportunity makes it possible for us to offer this week the best Outing Flannel bargain we have ever seen.

It is of good weight, very soft finish. In fact the equal in every way of the usual 10c values. Beautiful patterns in light and dark colors.

There are only about 700 yards of it and it will certainly go in a hurry at the price we name.

Width 29 inches.

Price per yard 7c.

FRY & HERZOG.

HAVE A LOOK!

We have received our full line of FALL & WINTER WOOLLENS in all shades and figures of the latest patterns . . . .

Come and "have a look" at the earliest date. . . . .

Shillenn & Torrence,

The Leading Tailors,

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

A WOMAN WITH AN 

to her best interest will not only inspect but buy of us the GROCERIES she needs.

We have the largest and best selected stock and always sell at the lowest prices. The following are some of the things you need and of which we have a fresh supply:

Bananas, Oranges, Pears, Plums, Peaches, Canteloupes, Watermelons, Lemons, Limes, Peas, Beans and all kinds of Vegetables.

We have the finest line of canned and bottled goods in the town.

The purity of our goods we warrant, the prices are as low as they can be made, consistent with good and pure goods,

Shepard & Gallup.

Goods Delivered.

Gallup Block Smethport, Pa

SPECIAL SALE

ON FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1901.

250

Beautiful Plates at 10c each.

HOLIDAY GOODS are arriving every day and the store has already taken on a "Santa Claus" appearance, which appeals to all lovers of the beautiful. It would take columns of the MINER to attempt to describe the many pretty and useful articles to be found at the 5 and 10 cent store. "How can you sell so cheap?" is a frequent question. Come and See. A visit to the store is most cordially solicited. You will not be disappointed. A metropolitan store with prices that suit all.

5 and 10c Store

MARY L. BISETT,

RUBIN BLOCK. SMETHPORT, PA.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Operations in the Sartwell oil field appear to be quite brisk.

—Five Gowanda, N. Y., saloonkeepers who sold liquor to Indians will lose their licenses.

—John Folks, formerly one of Olean's best known citizens, died at Oil City last week. He was born in Eldred.

—Remember the Catholic fair commences at the hose house Monday, December 9, and continues one week.

—The public is now excluded from the Pan American Exposition grounds. Not enough paid admissions were received to warrant the retention of gate tenders.

—Surrounding towns are enjoying the luxury of theatrical performances. Smethport's $25,000 opera house failed to materialize, consequently we will be practically showless for at least another season.

—The payroll of the men employed on the construction of the Shingle House glass plant amounts to $1,100 per week. This does not include the wages paid to the masons.

—An effort is being made to establish an Episcopal Mission at Austin. If possible the building erected some time ago by the Presbyterians, which has not been used for several months, will be secured by the mission.

—A test well is being drilled within the borough limits of Port Allegany. Some gas has been found and some of the more confident residents of that place are predicting that oil in paying quantities will be discovered.

—Many carpenters claim that from present indications there will be more building in Smethport next season than ever before in its history. They neglect to say, however, that one of the buildings will be a new opera house.

—St. Marys will have the meeting of the Northwestern Firemen's Association next year in spite of all reports to the contrary, and the enterprising citizens of that place have already commenced preparations to give the firemen a hearty welcome next August.

—Lyman A. Bullard, who died a short time since at his home in Beach Ridge, left an estate valued at $200,000. Among Bullard's personal effects were about five bushels of poker chips. The property was offered for sale this week but the poker chips were not in the list of property.—Olean Ledger.

—Now that winter is coming on it is seasonable to make the annual appeal to citizens to keep the snow off their sidewalks. If some of those people who never think of cleaning their walks could hear the remarks made about them by their more energetic neighbors the hair as well as the snow would fly.

—The dimensions of the main building for Hazelhurst's new glass bottle factory will be 30x200 feet. It is expected that the new factory will be in operation by February 1, and will employ about 200 men. M. N. Allen is superintending the construction of the buildings, which is a guarantee that the work will be well done.

—The oldest man in the world, Ismail Hodge, died last week in Albania, Switzerland. He was born in 1741 and therefore had reached the extraordinary age of 150 years. The old man up to the last was in full possession of all his senses. He had a splendid set of teeth and a short time before his death had walked 11 miles without fatigue.

—A report comes from Wichita, Kansas, that one of the leonids parted from its mates and dropped into a miniature lake of oil in the vicinity of several gushers. The meteor is described as being several feet in diameter and the oil was exploded by the contact. The owners of oil wells in the neighborhood had a hard fight to prevent the destruction of their property.

—At a meeting of the stockholders held in New York City Monday the capital stock of the B., R. & P. railway was increased $3,000,000. The old board of directors was re-elected. It is the intention of the company to extend the road to Indiana, Pa., to gain access to vast coal deposits. The plans now developing will make the B., R. & P. the greatest coal road in the country.

—Jim Jeffries, heavyweight champion of the world, defeated Gus Ruhlin in five rounds before the Twentieth Century Club of San Francisco last Friday night. Ruhlin was not knocked out, but deliberately quit, claiming, however, that he received a chance blow in the second round which practically disabled him. Over 10,000 people witnessed the fight, the box office receipts amounting to about $40,000.

—There are now 6,000 rural free delivery routes in operation, and so great is the popular demand there are over 6,000 applications on file, enough to keep the free delivery bureau busy until October 1, 1902. Superintendent Machen, of the free delivery service, says he is certain that five years from now the rural free delivery service will have been extended over a territory covering one million square miles, or one-third of all the territory where the system is practicable.

—The man who aims to attain a "ripe old age" never hurries or worries. He leaves his cares in the shop, the office or the field, when his day's work is done and goes home to rest. At night he sleeps soundly. He laughs at petty annoyances and neither borrows nor lends trouble. He is not an extremist in any sense. He is optimistic and avoids the ways of the dark. He does not indulge in anything that he finds is to his injury. He avoids over-work and over-indulgence in any bad habit. He is a conservative person.—Bradford Era.

—The case of Clara Harriman of Syracuse is a strange one. She has been reared from birth in the belief that she was a female, and is now 38 years old. Recently Clara became convinced that she was a man, and has been thus pronounced by physicians. Clara has petitioned the court to change her "front" name to "Horace," and has a new suit of clothes to put on as soon as the honorable body grants her request. Clara is one of the heirs to a $500,000 estate. Here is a theme for a novel that should make Laura Jean Libby weep with delight.

Women and Jewels.

Jewels, candy, flowers, man—that is the order of a woman's preferences. Jewels form a magnet of mighty power to the average woman. Even that greatest of all jewels, health, is often ruined in the strenuous efforts to make or save the money to purchase them. If a woman will risk her health to get a coveted gem, then let her fortify herself against the insidious consequences of coughs, colds and bronchial affections by the regular use of Dr. Boschee's German Syrup. It will promptly arrest consumption in its early stages and heal the affected lungs and bronchial tubes and drive the dread disease from the system. It is not a cure-all, but it is a certain cure for coughs, colds and all bronchial troubles. You can get Dr. G. G. Green's reliable remedies at H. E. Wells' drug store. Get Green's Special Almanac.

The Wrong Leg.

There was an eminent sergeant at law some years ago who had a cork leg that was a triumph of artistic deception. None but his intimates knew for certain which was the real and which was the sham limb. A wild young wag of the "outer bar," who knew the sergeant pretty well, once thought to utilize this knowledge of the sergeant's secret to take in a green, newly fledged young barrister. The sergeant was addressing a special jury at Westminster in his usual earnest and vehement style, and the wag whispered to his neighbor:

"You see how hot old Buzfuz is over his case. Now, I'll bet you a sovereign I'll run this pin into his leg up to the head and he'll never notice it, he's so absorbed in his speech. He's a most extraordinary man in that way."

This was more than the greenhorn could swallow, so he took the bet. The wag took a large pin from his waistcoat and, leaning forward, drove it up to the head in the sergeant's leg. A yell that froze the blood of all who heard it, that made the hair of the jury stand on end and the judge's wig almost fall off, rang through the court.

"By Jove, it's the wrong leg! I've lost my money," exclaimed the dismayed and conscience stricken wag, quite regardless of the pain he had inflicted upon the learned sergeant.—London Answers.

Ideas of News.

Justice John M. Harlan of the United State supreme court, when a practicing lawyer in Louisville, once tried his hand at newspaper work, taking the place of a personal friend, then editor of the Louisville Commercial. The justice got along all right writing editorials, but had ideas as to news that were at variance with those of the city editor.

One of the reporters had written a clever account of a man who had fallen from the fourth story of a building and escaped without serious injury. It made a story of about a column in length. With a proof of the article in his hand the temporary editor came to the city editor and said:

"Mr. Smith, please have this story cut down. I can't see anything in it that makes it worth that space."

"But it's the 'star' story of the day, Mr. Harlan," gasped the astonished news man. "I think it's a remarkable story and well worth all the space given to it."

"I don't," said Justice Harlan. "If a man had jumped up four stories, it would certainly have been remarkable, but even a fool could fall down four stories, or half a dozen, for that matter."—New York Times.

The Driver's Point of View.

The hotel coach was filled with a crowd of happy, jubilant visitors, and the horses toiled splendidly up the hills. As each eminence was reached and at every turn in the road the crowd would burst forth into cries of wonder and delight at the magnificent scenes which burst upon their view. The mountain jehu alone preserved a dignity and silence which rather awed the others. At length, after a particularly lovely view had been passed, one of the guests at the driver's left hand remarked:

"You don't seem to take much interest in the scenery. No doubt it's an old story to you."

The driver shook his head. "No, that's not it," he answered. "I just don't care." Then he leaned a little closer and whispered: "But I knows just how you folks must feel. You all come from a long distance just to see things, and you're bound to enjoy it anyhow so as to get your money's worth and not feel as though you was cheatin' yourselves. Oh," said this driver in a superior tone, "I don't mind it when I understand how 'tis."—Leslie's Weekly.

To Judge the Age of Lace.

In fixing the approximate date of any given piece of lace it is well to remember that machine made thread was not used till after the beginning of the eighteenth century. Before that time the threads ran in lengths of about twenty inches, for the worker could stretch no farther than her distaff and had to break off and join again, so that after unravelling some twenty-five inches of thread no joint is found the lace is surely after the introduction of machine made thread. The "bride's ornee" alone are enough to go by. In the fifteenth century the bar had only a knot or a dot as ornament. In the sixteenth a double or single loop and in the seventeenth a star. The edging also helps. A sharp angle in the scallop fixes the date in the middle ages, the rounded scallop came in with the nineteenth century, with the seventeenth a dotted scallop, and the eighteenth century one is more elaborate, a large alternating with a small scallop and dots along in the center of each.—Connoisseur.

Some Tyrolean Epitaphs.

A German traveler has discovered some quaint epitaphs in a Tyrolean cemetery.

On a tombstone in a valley of Tux was this inscription: "In pious remembrance of the honest widow Anna Kriedl, forty years long."

A miller is thus remembered: "In Christian memory of H——, who departed this life without human assistance."

A farmer whose initials only are given and who appears to have been the author of his own epitaph has this memorial: "Here rests in God F. K. He lived twenty-six years as man and thirty-seven years as husband."

On the tomb of a man who fell from a roof and was killed are these words: "Here fell Jacob Hosennkopf from the roof into eternity."

This wail of a desolate husband caps the climax: "Tears cannot bring thee back to life. Therefore I weep."—Household Words.

She Needed Them.

"I wish, John," she said regretfully, "I had had sense enough not to destroy all the letters you wrote me during the year and a half of your courtship."

He smiled in a gratified way. "I knew you would regret that some time," he said.

"Indeed I do," she replied. "I need a little change the worst sort of way, and the man who buys rags and old paper was here today. How wasteful we are in our youth!"

He looked at her reproachfully, and almost involuntarily his hand sought his pocketbook. It is seldom indeed that a resourceful woman has to make a direct request for money.—Chicago Post.

Furniture Polish.

A recipe for a very superior furniture polish given by a dealer in musical instruments to a housewife as the cause for the shining surfaces of the pianos in his rooms consists of four tablespoonfuls of sweet oil, four tablespoonfuls of turpentine, a teaspoonful of lemon juice and ten drops of household ammonia. This polish must be thoroughly shaken before using and applied with an old flannel or silk cloth. Rub briskly and thoroughly, which is at least a third of the merit of all polishes. Use a second cloth to rub the mixture into the grain of the wood and a third for the final polish.

Eating a Pineapple.

A Florida fruit grower states that the natives of the pineapple district never think of cutting a pineapple across. They pare it, cut it lengthwise, slice it or not, and, with the trimmed crown as a handle, eat it much as a New Englander does his green corn, rejecting the core. This, the writer states, not only improves the flavor, but lessens the strings of fiber that get in the teeth.

HOURGLASSES.

They Have Not Gone Out of Style by a Long Shot.

"Most people think that hourglasses went out of style years ago," said a clerk in a Twenty-third street store, "along with [illegible] but as a matter of fact [illegible] calls for [illegible] at any [illegible] That they [illegible] popularity of hourglasses [illegible] ance is a [illegible] eration I [illegible] if such a [illegible] assured it [illegible] ing than [illegible] based on [illegible] Anyway a [illegible] will do [illegible] sands in [illegible] the slightest [illegible] looks like [illegible] broaden their education a little along certain lines.

"Of the hourglasses sold at present the three minute glass is in the lead. This glass is used almost exclusively to measure time in boiling eggs, and its usefulness naturally places its sale a little in advance of the more sentimental varieties. Next come the five, ten and fifteen minute and full hour glasses, which are bought chiefly by musicians for piano practice and by lodges and secret societies.

"The sand used in an hourglass is the very finest that the world affords. The western coast of Italy furnishes most of it, as it has done for ages past. The cost of hourglasses is regulated by the ornamentation of the frames. A glass set in a plain rosewood case can be bought for $1, while a mahogany frame comes to $1.50 or $2. Of course, the price can be brought up still higher by fancy carving and decoration. Swell lodges sometimes go to this extra expense, but most people are satisfied with the cheaper grades."—New York Sun.

THE POULTRY YARD.

Gravel or coarse sand is as much needed as ordinary food.

All chickens want for health, growth and good conditions is plain, nutritious food.

Even when the fowls have an unlimited range it is a good plan to feed them every evening.

One of the first things to learn about poultry is that they must be kept clean and free from vermin.

Peafowls are handsome and subsist with the least care of any kind of fowls. They are prolific layers and a good protection against hawks.

Raw bone contains every part of an egg—white, yolk and shell. Therefore it should be kept constantly before laying hens in the granulated form.

One of the best ways of removing lice from fowls is to make them do it themselves by having a lot of dry earth where they can dust themselves whenever they feel like it.

The comb is always an index to the condition of the bird. When the comb is white or very pale or very black, something is wrong. A healthy fowl shows a bright scarlet color in the comb.

For His Reputation, $500.

The proprietor of a large dry goods store had decided to tear down the old building and erect a new one in its stead. In furtherance of this plan he was removing his goods to temporary quarters in another building.

The goods were nearly all out of the old structure when from some unknown cause it caught fire. The department was promptly on hand and soon had a stream playing on the flames, but the merchant was wild with excitement. Running up to the chief, he urged him to greater haste.

"Never mind the goods!" he shouted. "Save the building! I'll give the boys a check for $500 for their pension fund if they don't let the fire spread beyond that floor!"

"Why, you're going to tear the old building down anyway, aren't you?" asked the chief.

"Yes," he said, "but do you suppose I want the insurance companies or any body on earth to think that's the reason why it caught fire?"

By great exertion the fire was extinguished with little loss so far as the building was concerned, and the merchant was as good as his word.—Youth's Companion.

Slave to a Pillow.

There is in this city a young man who sleeps on a pillow that is one foot square and only four inches thick, a pillow that resembles a pancake. He has used it ever since he was a baby. When, at the age of twelve, he entered St. Paul's school, he took it all the way to New Hampshire with him, and when he entered Harvard he took it to Cambridge also. Starting on his wedding journey, he carried it in his suit case. When he went abroad, the pillow went along. And now, when he is twenty-five, he is more attached to the tiny thing than ever and will take it on the briefest trips—on trips of a day, say, to New York or on trips over night to the country houses of his friends. He says that he has not once slept on anything but this pillow since he was seven years old.—Philadelphia Record.

They Were Not Indians.

It is said that when the first Chinese came to California the Indians were very curious about them. A dispute arose among some of them as to what country the strangers might hail from and whether or not they were Indians. The Indians, wise as the Puritans of old, decided to apply the water test. If the accused swam, they were witches; if they drowned, they were innocent.

One day a party of Indians met a party of Chinamen approaching a little stream. The strangers approached the bridge and started across. The Indians, too, filed across and, mistaking the Chinamen in midstream, pushed two of them into the angry, spouting current below. The test was conclusive. They could not swim. They were not Indians.

How to Detect a Cheap Shoe.

"It takes a rainy spell to show up a cheap shoe," says a shoe dealer. "It can be spotted by an observer on a rainy day, though it may have come within an hour from the store. Watch the feet of people the next time it rains, and you can pick out the inexpensive shoes. A cheap shoe always slips when the pavements are wet. Artificial stone pavements especially show them up. The sole of a cheap, common shoe is made of imitation leather, composed of pressed paper, and water softens it and makes the wearer slide along while walking. You can always tell a cheap shoe in this way."—Indianapolis News.

The Greatest Surrender.

The greatest surrender in the annals of warfare was that of Metz on Oct. 27, 1870. As a fortified place Metz, with its surrounding forts, was generally impregnable, but bad generalship permitted it to be completely surrounded and cut off. The surrender included 3 field marshals, 66 generals, 6,000 officers of lower degree, over 400 guns, 100 mitrailleuses, nearly 60 standards and 173,000 rank and file.

Uninteresting.

"I supposed all grass widows attracted the men, but this one doesn't, and she's rather pretty too. I wonder why they permit her to stand around alone."

"Well, you see, it was all her husband's fault. She got the divorce."—Chicago Record-Herald.

It is always a matter of surprise that others should take their worries so much to heart; also that they make so light of ours.—Smart Set.

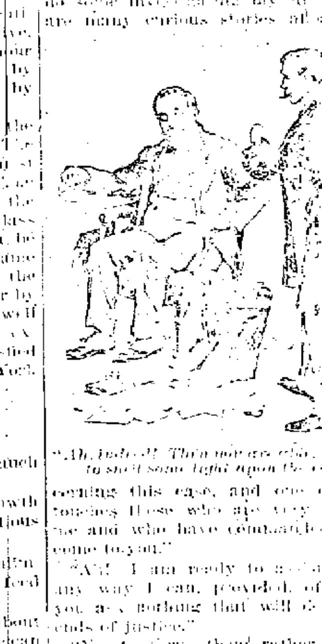
THE STRANGER AND THE PRINCESS

By EDWARD [illegible] HOPKINS.

[CONTINUED.]

[illegible]

"M. Seneal, M. Duvally," said M. Seneal. [illegible]



"Ah, indeed! Then you are able, perhaps, to shed some light upon the [illegible]"

[illegible] evening this case, and one of them [illegible] me and who have commanded me to come to you."

"Ah! I am ready to assist you in any way I can, provided, of course, you ask nothing that will defeat the ends of justice."

"No, to serve them rather. But I will not ask you to do anything in the dark. I will be frank with you. You have perhaps heard the name of Oscar Rockmillive?"

M. Seneal started.

"I have indeed. And the court is that illustrious person interested in this small affair?"

"He must be, since the story has been told that the young American is entangled in this mystery. [illegible] desire to save us the [illegible] family from annoyance and perhaps attack."

"True, that has been said, and it is so. The prefect of police could tell you much about that."

"I have seen him. What I want now is an order from you to permit me to see the prisoner."

"Ah, that is difficult! Yet for the prince I ... Count Rockmillive I suppose it could be done."

[illegible]

"I am the captain of his guard."

[illegible]

M. Seneal then called for writing materials and wrote an order to admit M. Duvally, the bearer, to the cell of the prisoner Buckford Wallace.

[illegible]

The carriage stopped before the door of the depot. The young man did not step out of it. In his place came a man of middle age wearing a [illegible] beard that covered his face to the very eyes. He wore a long coat. [illegible] his appearance was very [illegible] from when he entered M. Seneal's presence.

The obsequious footman bowed him up the steps as before. He entered. The letter from M. Seneal gained him instant admittance and attention. He was led to the cell of the American prisoner.

Little things happen without being noticed. The footman had been seen by loungers, but in some [illegible] he disappeared.

[illegible]

A half hour passed. A watchman of the jail, while passing through a corridor, saw outside of a cell door [illegible] the prostrate figure of the [illegible] bearded man and, bending over him, the footman in livery.

"For God's sake!" cried the footman, "My master has been taken with a fit! Help me get him to the carriage at once."

The jail attendant, excited by the revelation of so important a personage, hurried to assist. He and the footman carried the unconscious man to the carriage. He was placed inside, and the footman got in with him.

"Why not call a physician?" asked the attendant.

"No; I must get him home at once," was the reply.

The horses dashed off and were soon out of sight.

An hour later the prisoners in the [illegible] cell of Buckford Wallace. He [illegible] the door, surprised to find it closed, but not locked. He looked into the cell and then, with a wild yell of dismay, ran screaming down the corridor.

The cell was empty. The murderer of M. de Baillon had escaped.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EXPRESSIVE PHRASES.

Those Which Foreigners Coming to America Learn to Use First.

[illegible]

"All right" is the [illegible]

[illegible] New York Tribune.

MEMORY'S PRANKS.

Why Do We Remember Certain Things and Forget Others?

[illegible]

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[illegible]

The Mistake of the Polar Bear.

[illegible]

Norwegian Hotel Fire Escapes.

[illegible]

Florists' Lives Are Short.

[illegible]

The Change In the Tenderfoot.

[illegible] —Indianapolis Sun.

Too Small to Share.

[illegible]

Cleaning Light Fur.

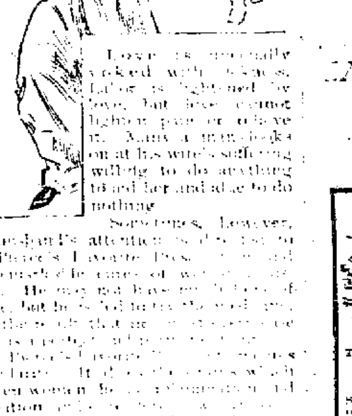
[illegible]

Wife Cruelty.

[illegible]

His Embarrassment.

[illegible]



Love is generally yoked with sickness. [illegible] love, but love cannot lighten pain or relieve it. Many a man looks on at his wife's suffering willing to do anything to aid her and able to do nothing.

Sometimes, however, the husband's attention is directed to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription [illegible]

[illegible]

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.

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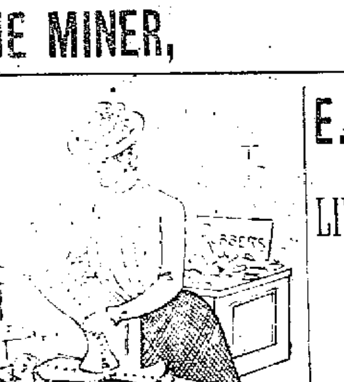
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Chas. Lemmler,

Smethport, Pa.

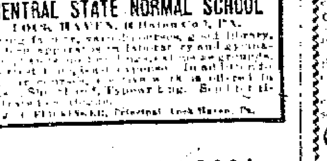
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Fire [illegible] Accident

written by

[illegible] F. SPECHT

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Pennsylvania RAILROAD

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Time Table Taking effect May 26, 1901

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[illegible]

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport [illegible]

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

[illegible]

WESTWARD.

[illegible]

J. B. HUTCHINSON, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass'r Agt.

Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua Ry.

Time Table taking effect May 27th, 1901.

LEAVE SMETHPORT.

[illegible]

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[illegible]

Kushequa Route.

[illegible]

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